

## Undead Winter

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Summary: Small one-shot of A zombie Apocalypse AU. What if the guardians were a scouting team? Would they be able to cope with the new world around them? K plus for action

## Undead Winter

My spine hit the wall next to me, sweat pouring across my skin. My hands felt numb and cold on my large crooked staff. I had to hurry. Brown ice frosted hair fell in front of the green goggles over my eyes and a deathly pale face. The traces of long forgotten freckles stood out from my flushed blue cheeks.

Around me snow fell gently, unaware of the scene it was landing in. The buildings around me were either crumbled or crumbling. Brick, concrete, wood and plaster alike all stood, stripped to their bones stood as witnesses of the last six months.

Had it only been six months? My ADHD brain wandered far away from my grim surroundings only to be pulled back by the unearthing sound of shuffling footsteps.

Biting wind pushed me onward. I only had a few more miles and I would be safe. Far away, on the outer reaches of my senses I saw the smoky figure of a wall, higher than any building I had ever seen. Made from scraps of whatever material could be found it stood as a beaconâ€"albeit a junk heap of a beaconâ€"to all still alive.

Dashing to the next building I landed in a heap of bright white snow. My dirty blood stained clothes left marks of the perfect white flakes.

"Frost," a voice to my left hissed.

My stiff neck turned to see a man in his early twenties, strong curving tattoos on his forehead. His front teeth were large than all

others but his smile had a glint of hope. He gestured he over, his furry glove looking almost like a paw in my blurry vision.

Stumbling to him I ducked under then broken door frame and into the shadow's cover.

"Who else is here?" I whispered, pulling down the white mask across my blue lips.

"We got Ana in the rear, North circling and Sandy above," he gestured to the roof while I shook the stained snow from my sleeves.

"How much amo?" I asked.

"Not much. Down to our last rounds," he held up a boomerang with a grin. "I'm ready to keep going."

I shook my head at my co leader. "It'll be dark soon," I sighed. "We've got to get back. Our watch time expires at sunset."

"You're no fun anymore," he growled.

"Sure I am Bunny," I grinned deviously at him and bounded up the stairs.

"I told you never to call me that!" His voice followed me.

I stalked along the frozen roof to a short man, spiky blonde hair sticking up from the wind. His bright gold eyes were riveted on the street, his mouth set in a frown. Snow coat notwithstanding he was a chubby guy, a bit younger than Bunny- er Aster- but he could've passed as a small child.

"Sandy," I greeted quietly. He must not have seen me because at my words he jumped, his gun firing two bullets before he settled down.

Face even paler than before I joined him at the railing. He waved his hands wildly as we heard footsteps coming from every direction.

"I'm sorry," my voice was hoarse with fear. "I didn't mean to surprise youâ€" but I stopped when I saw our attackers rounding the corner.

To this day I'm still not sure how to capture the scene with words. Grown men, women and even children came from every alley around us. Flash pealed from their skulls, revealing weathered bones. The holes in their skin and clothes let in the weather but they didn't slow. Faces frozen in a mix of terror and hunger they shuffled toward us.

"No," my voice cracked. But the little man beside me had no room for despair. He began firing with every bit of intensity he could muster. Rows of creatures fell, only to be instantly replaced.

He waved me back as he loaded his last stock. We both knew how useless I was up here. Running back downstairs, my thick boots sliding across the frost I joined Bunny at the shattered window.

He tossed his boomerangs out and even from hear I could hear the

shattering of brittle bone.

"We can't keep this up," I heard Sandy firing once again. "We have to get back now!"

He nodded wordlessly and gave the whistle around his neck a long sharp blast. I had to throw my gloved hands over my ears and when I came back up they were ringing. I almost didn't catch his next words.

"We've got the regroup location within the next mile," Aster stashed his weapons back where they belonged. "We have to get going."

"Sandy!" I yelled, following out the back door into a clear alleyway.

"He'll catch up once he's out."

"Butâ€"!"

"I trust him Frost," he glared back at me for a moment. "We've all got our jobs and Sandy has his."

I nodded and pulled up my face mask to block from the newly invigorated wind.

"Aster!" A deep Russian voice yelled. Eyes flicking to my left I saw a large older man with a long Father Christmas beard. His bright blue eyes were grim under thick snow covered eyebrows. The hat on his head was bright red but either from blood or its natural color I didn't want to know.

"North," I grinned, slowing my pace to step in time with him.

"Where are the others?" He panted, hands gripped tight on a massive machine gun.

"We got Ana ahead of us and Sandy coming from the rear," Aster called back.

"I'm going back for him!" The big man saluted and turned, heading the other direction.

Speeding forward I glared at my force commander. "So he can go back but I can't?"

"You're my responsibility Frost," he slid a little on a long patch of ice. "North is a grown man."

I would've continued to argue when we ran around the corner and a heavily bundled creature fell over. My staff was pointing down at it while Aster held his boomerang in ready position.

"Boys!" she cried happily, standing up again. Dark brown hair was falling from her winter hat, glowing violet eyes blinking wildly. Her arms trembled as she threw them around my neck. "Are you alright? I heard gunshot. Where are the others? Where were you? You took so longâ€"!"

"Ana!" Aster pulled her away. "Running first; explanations later."

She nodded and once again we were flying down the vacant streets. Snow fell quicker around us, the wind fighting our every step. Piles of flakes reached our knees and soon were nearly swimming through the ice.

"We need to stop!" Ana yelled through the snow. "We won't be able to see anything soon!"

"Which is why we've got to keep going!" Aster's voice was determined.

"But North and Sandy!" I chimed in. "We can't just leave them!"

"They'll catch up!"

I growled in frustration. He was happy to just leave them behind. But I wasn't. I slid to a stop in the slick ice and whirled around, heading back to my other friends.

"Frost!" Aster called.

But I refused to listen. My legs ached from the effort of crawling through the snow and my vision was worsening. My fingers remained numb on my crooked staff. I couldn't stop. I had to find them. When I looked around I couldn't even see the far wall let alone Aster and Ana.

Setting my gaze back in front of me I saw two figures trudging toward me.

"North!" I called, my voice muffled by the mask. Pulling it around my neck my face bit with cold. It didn't stop me. "North!"

"Argh!" A deep groan filled the air.

That wasn't North. From behind the two figures came dozens more. Fear had me turned around within a second. This time the wind pushed me far away from the corpses.

I still continued to yell for my friends. "North!" My throat stuck, the air coming short with cold. My face was burning with cold and I could hardly feel my limbs.

No, I couldn't stop. I couldn't even slow down. But I was so tired.

To this day I'm still not sure what happened. My mind was so fatigued, my body numb. I was ready to lie down and give up. And that's the moment that soft groaning and moaning reached my ears. Human instinct had me on my feet though I wasn't aware of stopping.

It was almost too late. As I ran, my staff jammed a head behind me. I didn't have the strength to look back. I heard the crack of a skull on pavement and felt scrambling hands at my heels. It took my ankle and I tripped. Trembling fingers didn't consult my brain before

unlatching my boots. They scraped across the pavement, frozen blood dripping from the tips. My thin feet carried me across the snow. It was like the wind aided me forward.

The sky suddenly became darker and when I looked up I saw the mismatched melded wall that meant safety. With a last ditch attempt to go forward I hit the door in front of me.

Bundled guards came forward, guns pointed at me. "Who are you?" They yelled, voices turning into one large noise.

"Frost!" Aster's voice reached me through the mess. When I turned I saw four figures running to me.

"Hey Bunny," I leaned on the wall for the support I needed. "Long time no see."

"Shut your mouth!" He growled, fist reaching back.

"Aster!" Tooth grabbed his arm, stopping him before he knocked my jaw off.

"What was that?" He yelled, face inches from mine. "First you make Sandy give away our location then you run back? You stupid child!"

"S-sorry," I tried. "I didn't mean toâ€"

"Just shut up!"

"Aster," North lifted the twenty year old man like a baby and set him a few feet away. Their voices clashed, words blocked by the strong wind.

"Jack," Ana used my first name, her tone so soft. Her warm fingers touched my cheek. The contact was comforting but almost painful. "Are you alright?"

Sandy looked up at the both of us, terrified.

"I'm fine," I smiled. The simple movement cracked my dry lips. I could feel the blood falling down my chin.

"Let's get you inside."

"He could be contaminated," one of the guards spoke. "We have to check him first."

Ana opened her mouth to protest but I stopped her. "They're just doing their job."

I stood straight as they stuck an electric stick into my neck. After a second the machine proclaimed my cleanliness.

"He's fine," the guard jammed a thumb inside the compound.

Ana took my side and led me inside the giant wall. "Are you sure you're alright?" She asked.

I waved her off, eyes flicking back to Aster and North, both looked

furious win the other but I thought I saw worry in their eyes. North caught up to the two of us, his face melting into a grin.

"That was very brave of you my boy," he boomed, clapping me on the back.

"What was?" My head felt a little fuzzy. What had I done?

"You coming back to get us," his eyes twinkled. "Running back in that storm."

There had been a storm? Snow fell gently around us and I could hear the wind whistling. It seemed so far away.

"Yea," I slurred. "That."

"Jack?" Tooth's voice was far away. Then I could hear her worry. "His face, North he's got frost bite."

Confusion filled me. What was going on? I was too tired to care properly. Even the gravel road looked comfortable. I could've slept right there. My legs gave out and I fell forward.

Worried voices yelled for assistance but I didn't hear them. What was wrong with me? My eyes flicked to my hands, still holding tight to my staff. I couldn't move them.

"He's not wearing shoes!" A voice yelled. Bunny?

Strong arms lifted me. Why was I being moved? I was tired.

Warm hands gripped my shoulder. "You've got to hold on..." Then I knew no more.

\*\*Reviews make the world go round and might make another chapter if you'd like.\*\*

End  
file.